MASTERY

Reisama

Mastery

By

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Dedication

Dedicated to all Seekers after
Truth and Reality

Warning

This very book will you confuse,
If you its theme deride,
For a clever code the Masters use,
The Ancient Truth to hide.

So read it close and try to know
The message that it bears,
And you will find it doesn't sow
Truth's harvest full of tares.

Prelude

When Churches know Jesus-Christ
A symbol dual to be,
That everyone the snake must hoist
To reach his liberty,
The masses will begin to climb
From out the depths of hell;
For ignorance during all this time
Has kept them in its spell,
And they have worshipped only man
Instead of "THAT", which IS,
For Scripture's letter they did scan,
And not its synthesis.

For what HE did we each must do,
Our "JESUS" part to kill,
And on the cross we'll suffer too
When "CHRIST" our hearts does fill.
And human-man does give his place
To HIM that cometh down,
To raise us up above the race
To where we wear the crown
Of light, that from our head will shine
In a halo grand and clear,
Ranking us with the sublime
On that our Sabbath Year.

Very Important

This is a serious book of great spiritual power. Do not allow the sway of its rhythm to rob you of the treasures of its meaning.

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Creation

Out of the IS came all that are;
Into the IS go all that came.
The IS of each is on a par;
All of the IS is just the same.

You look at me, I look at you,
From the one IS came both we two;
But what I am and what you are,
Results from how we used that Par.

Thought

By every THOUGHT you mould your SOUL,
Which from the WHOLE exacts a toll,
That will just fill the impressed mould
Which CONTEMPLATION thus does hold.

GOD your answer is bound to pay;
The Law's exact, the same, alway.
For GOD is YOU and YOU are HE,
Just like a drop is to the sea.

Know that to think is to create,
And you will love instead of hate;
For when you think, you make a mould
The Law will fill, if you but hold.

The Plan

There's no sickness, no death,
no sorrow, nor pain,
When Christ your kingdom
solely doth reign;
If man steppeth in,
the sceptre to take,
His own little earth
commenceth to quake.
Be childlike and passive
to the Plan that is done,
Being a channel
for GOD'S ONLY SON,
Letting "The Plan"
have fully its way,
Allowing its Substance
to turn night into day.
For the Plan that just IS,
will come forth like a song,
But you'll have to leave
for where you belong;
The dead will be quickened,
the sick will get well,
When man unto heaven,
turneth from hell.
Dead vision, dead body;
look up and be raised,
For by lifting your vision
GOD ever is praised.

The Kingdom

There's a Kingdom within me
of Glory untold
That will break forth in Substance,
if I do but hold
To that promise of Plenty,
of Power, and of Love;
The Blessing of Heaven
that comes from above.
I am blind to the "many"
and see but the "ONE",
And rise to the Standard
of GOD'S ONLY SON.
I am my harvest;
I watch what I sow;
And thus by right planting
my GODhood does grow;
And when I am THAT
upon which I did gaze,
I'll turn me about
and by Service, HIM praise.

The Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd,
when I am at ONE,
His opulent character
through me then doth run;
Green pastures of plenty,
and a mind that is still
To the soul in redemption,
thru right use of HIS will.
In this valley of failure
no fear do I own,
For safety and plenty
flow forth from the throne.
While my enemies wander
away from the fold,
I do but wonder
at the blessings untold,
That are bound to continue
as long as I hold
To that promise from Heaven,
the elixir of gold.

Prayer

Let THY Kingdom come into Manifestation,
Just as it IS in Thy perfect Ideation;
Let THY will be done as to its Operation,
Bringing into EARTH Thy heavenly Creation.

Meditation

Perception is — to see it;
Realization is — to be it;
What you see, just long to be,
Until its being is a part of thee.

What you rest your mind upon,
That you'll be, if you keep on;
Cease to think of what you are,
And aspire to THAT, above your par.

Brotherhood

Every man is my brother,
whether he knows it or not;
For each from ONE fountain
of nectar has wrought
His cup of pure being,
that knoweth no bounds;
For all of creation
evolveth in rounds,
That play in due order
like acts on a stage;
Bringing forth in each kalpa,
each cycle, and age,
The events that must follow
the causes set up,
For Being is accurate;
"each down has its up";
Go share with your brother,
the secret you've found;
That each to the other
through GODhood is bound.

If brothers seem separate,
apart, and adrift,
Just know it's YOUR vision,
that's making the rift;
For all is ONE substance,
ONE power, and ONE place,
With but THE ONE ACTOR,
back of each face;
Playing ONE play
upon HIS ONE stage;
Bringing forth in each kalpa,
each cycle, and age,
The theme of HIS ONE-ness,
in plural expressed;
The secret of many
in rhythm out-pressed;
Which GOD in HIS Wisdom,
all nature has dressed,
With the song of HIS beauty,
HIS silence, and rest.

Go, get at your vision,
and tear that away,
Which is keeping the ONE-ness
from having full sway;
For all are your brothers,
not one is apart;
Each from ONE GODhood
is playing a part;
All, THE ONE ACTOR
upon the ONE stage,
Bringing forth in each kalpa,
each cycle, each age,
Parts in HIS drama,
each having its place
In showing HIS Splendor,
HIS Presence, HIS Grace;
The song of the greatness,
the glory, and power
Of brotherly kindness,
this peace-making hour.

And now that you've found
what others still seek,
Why be so selfish,
why be so weak,
As not to endeavor
with all of your might,
To give to your brothers
at least an insight
To the secret of reading
that wonderful page,
That tells of each kalpa,
each cycle, and age;
Of the Splendor of Heaven,
the Marvelous Plan;
Of the Highest of Highest —
the Perfection of Man;
Awake to your duty!
Let's all do our part,
To bring forth into Substance,
what Heaven did start.

At-One-Ment

When we are able to let go
To THAT which knoweth all,
And figure not the "thus and so"
Of how to run this Ball,

The PLAN will fully have its way
In bringing forth our own,
When we have ceased ITS hand to stay
And let IT rule our throne.

For when IT rules, what's in the way
Will surely be destroyed,
For the Whole-ly Ghost doth have full sway,
When by the Saint employed.

So let's be calm when others scheme
To take our "just and due",
For what they steal, while in their dream,
They'll drop, when they come to,

And wonder how they ever did
The things they planned so well,
When TRUTH from them, by lies was hid,
And they did plot from hell.

For there is plenty for us all,
We never need to scheme,
But only answer to ITS call,
And awaken from our dream.

For when we stop our dreaming,
Our hearts with love will fill,
And our minds will cease their scheming,
For our souls will get so still,

That GOD to us can whisper
Of the treasures in His heart,
Then each will firmly answer—
"I'll surely do my part".

And as we work together,
We'll find there's a place for all,
That makes for perfect weather,
With hate-clouds, not at all.

Then each will see the Father,
And forget his petty self,
Being glad to serve his brother,
And put scheming on the shelf.

The Secret Path

When I see the world a goin'
So blinded to the HIGH,
I feel their lack of knowin'
And it almost makes me cry.

If they would only know it,
And learn to "let" its Plan,
What a change there'd be to it,
Most especially to man.

How they suffer and they struggle,
So foolish-like with pain;
For truth with lies they juggle,
While ignorance has its reign.

If you tell 'em where's the trouble,
They'll but turn on you to rend,
So you learn to be a double,
And be silent, while they mend.

Your thoughts when placed upon 'em,
Raise 'em up to where you are,
So watch your SELF and help 'em
By raising up your par.

For when your light's so shinin',
That in the dark they'll see
That on the Path you're climbin',
They'll walk along with thee.

Then they and you, together,
From height to height will go
To fair and fairer weather
As you drop the life below.

Trust it all to the Father,
Let HIM, to have HIS way;
With worry ne'er ag'in to bother
On that, your Sabbath Day.

The Day of rest and gladness,
Of peace and bliss complete;
The end of strife and sadness,
When you take a Master's seat.

And as you sit among them,
You'll find that their paths are two;
That the selfish go on beyond them,
While to help, remain the few.

The few who take the karma
Of the myriads that rank below;
*The "Secret Path" of Yajna,**
The lighteners of the woe,

That Jesus and Buddha suffer,
For they decided to stay,
And act as a living buffer,
Till Christ doth rule the Day.

Surely, you'll help to lighten
And do all that you can do
To lift the mighty burden,
Till every one is through.

**Yajna—Sacrifice*

The Helper

Learn to think great thoughts,
And send them out to work,
For thoughts from Heaven chosen,
Their task will never shirk;

For where they go, some listen,
And receive them as their own;
So think Christ thoughts and hasten
HIS ascension to the throne.

For when HE has ascended,
And all is under HIM,
Every heart is mended
And free from every sin;

Then there's no illusion,
For each will see so clear,
That order kills confusion,
And peace doth drive out fear.

Serenity

Nature is, just like a stream
In which we're set adrift,
Where wisemen learn to let its theme
Upon them grant its gift;

And fools do struggle 'gainst its way
And perish by the score,
Instead of riding with its sway
And advancing more and more.

Rocks do injure only those
Who fight them with their will,
For misery's day will quickly close
When hearts with faith do fill;

And man does ride upon this stream
In child-like "letting go";
Relaxing all to Nature's dream,
He rises from below;

And finds that misery only came
From the struggle that he made;
That Nature plays a blissful game,
And Faith alone has paid.

So live by Faith and not by Sight,
And Death will cease to be;
For when your gaze is on that Light,
The lions bow to thee.

And birds do hover 'round thy head,
And worship at thy shrine;
For they by Faith are gently led,
By a vision such as thine.

For when with GOD you walk along,
All Nature does her best,
To sing to you that wondrous song
Of Love, and Trust, and Rest;

Wherein the flowers, and rocks, and things;
Each do play their part;
For when man's heart with Heaven sings,
A "Peace on Earth" does start

To prove to him—THAT ALL IS ONE—
From which the "Many" came;
That creation is an "Only Son",
So just relax to HIM.

Transfiguration

As I serenely listen
To the song of my within,
My skin begins to glisten,
For the veil is getting thin;
And the Light of GOD does brighten
My vesture's very sheen,
As the red to crystal lightens
In the blood within my spleen;
For though I was as scarlet,
As white as snow I'll be;
For I've redeemed the "harlot",
And let my soul go free.

Like a child unto its father,
I rely, and live in peace;
With events I never bother,
From the world I got release;
And established in my silence
The Sabbath Day of rest,

Being rid of Karma's violence,
I'm ranking with the blest;
Where all is calm and tranquil
And nothing riles the Soul;
The end of quarrel and rankle,
Where death is not the goal.

Such men unto heaven
Climb up, while in the sod;
Their lives the masses leaven,
While on their way to GOD;
For they but see the Real,
While others lose the way;
Being guided by the "feel"
And not the outer play,
They hold firmly to the "Vine"
That groweth from within,
Keeping ever on the line,
Self-blinded to the din.

Mastery

I, at last, have reached the Goal,
And solved the mystery of my Soul;
I am THAT to which I prayed,
To which I looked for aid;
I am THAT which I did seek,
I'm my own mountain peak;
I upon creation look
As a leaf in my own book;
For I, THE ONE, "the many" make,
Of substance which from me I take;
For All is me, there are no two;
Creation is myself all thru;
What I grant unto myself,
I take down from my own shelf
And give to me—THE ONLY ONE—
For I'm the Father and the Son.

When I want, I do but see
My wishes coming forth in me;
For I'm The Knower and The Known,
Ruler, Subject, and The Throne;
The "Three in One" is what I am,
Hell itself is but my dam,
Which I did put in my own stream,
When in a night-mare I did dream-
"That I was not THE ONLY ONE",
Thus by me, was pain begun,
Which ran its course till I awoke,
And found that I with me, did joke.
So now that I do stand awake,
I my throne do wisely take,
And rule my kingdom, which is me
A Master through Eternity.

A Saviour

I am one that believes in you,
It makes no difference what you say or do,
For within your soul I see a plan—
The pattern of a heaven-man.
I'm a Saviour when I see,
Perfection coming forth in thee.
While others knock and pull you down,
I upon you never frown.
But hold to "That" above your par,
The heaven-man you really are;
For when I see you truly great,
I wipe illusion off your slate,
And help you to see with me,
The vision clear that sets you free.
For you are "That"—The Perfect One—
GOD'S Beloved, Only Son;
So stand erect and believe in you,
For you really are, The Master, too.